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Reminiscences of Mendelssohn.

BY HIS ENGLISH PUPIL.

[Concluded from page 355].

This very happy time of my life could not last forever, so it was decided I should return to London and enter on the sea of troubles and vicissitudes connected with the active duties of professional life in England. The last week of my stay was devoted by Mendelssohn to all sorts of musical and social hospitalities. He arranged for a special private party at the Gewandhaus, where he gave us (my sister had arrived on a visit) a performance of the "Hymn of Praise" which we heard for the first time; and as an afterpiece Beethoven's Ninth Symphony with chorus. Every evening in the week was devoted to some species of music, and the last night before we left we had a musical party, at which Mendelssohn played Beethoven's Trio in C minor, and Mme. Schumann Mendelssohn's Trio in D minor. His sister, Mme. Hensel, was present, and played magnificently on this occasion. She had much of her brothers' fire and style, and was a most talented and intellectual person.

After this I returned to London, but frequently corresponded with Mendelssohn and passed many happy hours with him both in England and Berlin. Many memorable evenings were passed on these occasions; for, from 1843 to 1847, "The Walpurgisnacht," "Athalia," "Edipus," the music to the "Midsummer Night's Dream," the Trio in C minor, many Quartets, and numerous smaller works, were produced in London, at the Philharmonic Society, at Exeter Hall, and in various private houses, especially at that of Moscheles, in Chester Place, Regent's Park, at my father's house, and at Mr. Alsager's, a most distinguished amateur, whose lamentable suicide greatly shocked his numerous friends. I was a member of the "Society of British Musicians," and on one occasion we invited Mendelssohn to be present at a performance of some of our own works. He came and listened most attentively, and, after our own share of the programme was concluded, he sat down to the piano and improvised in a most extraordinary manner, introducing many themes he had recollected from the music (all in manuscript) which he had heard.

In 1844 Mendelssohn sent to England Joseph Joachim, then a lad of 12 years old. The playing of this boy was astonishing, and it is well known to all that his extraordinary gifts have matured to an extent which now places him at the head of all violinists in the world. Great as Mendelssohn's pianoforte triumphs were, there was one occasion in which he excelled them all. A concert had been arranged at the Hanover Square Rooms, at which Thalberg, Moscheles, and Mendelssohn were announced to play Sebastian Bach's triple Concerto for three pianofortes, in D minor. As

it was known to none better than himself, that Thalberg was not accustomed to extemporizing, it was agreed that no cadences should be made. The piece proceeded in a most satisfactory manner until the orchestra made a pause and, much to the surprise of those who knew the compromise, Moscheles commenced a cadence, and in his usual felicitous, musician-like and admirable manner, delighted the audience. Then came Thalberg, who, though completely taken by surprise, acquitted himself excellently well, albeit his style hardly assimilated with the ideas of the great Leipzig Cantor. During these two performances I watched Mendelssohn's countenance. At first when Moscheles began, he looked much annoyed, but he gradually accepted the situation, and bided his time. When Thalberg had finished, Mendelssohn waited for the long and deserved applause to subside. He then shrugged his shoulders and commenced. I wish I had the pen of a Dickens, or a Scott (had either of them had any knowledge of music) to describe in fitting terms this performance. It began very quietly, and the themes of the Concerto, most scientifically varied, gradually crept up in their new garments. A crescendo then began, the themes ever newly presented, rose higher and higher, and at last a storm, nay a perfect hurricane of octaves, which must have lasted for five minutes, brought to a conclusion an exhibition of mechanical skill, and the most perfect inspiration, which neither before nor since that memorable Thursday afternoon has ever been approached. The effect on the audience was electrical. At first perfect silence reigned, but as the cadence continued, symptoms of excitement were shown; when the rush of octaves commenced those present rose almost to a man, and with difficulty restrained bursts of applause; but when the end came rounds of cheers were given for the great artist, which sounded like salons of artillery. I walked with Mendelssohn in Hyde Park after this triumph, and on congratulating him he replied: "I thought the people would like some octaves, so I played them."

Very many pages might be filled with descriptions of occurrences similar to the above, but one must be sufficient, as both time and space are closing in. The last season Mendelssohn spent in England before the production of "Elijah" was perhaps the most brilliant of all. He was everywhere received with the utmost enthusiasm. The Queen and Prince Albert paid him the most marked attentions, and every one from the highest to the lowest vied in showing honor to the great genius and thoroughly excellent man. But all this adulation, however justly deserved, had little or no effect upon his simple and modest character. His motto seems throughout life to have been "Excelsior," and, one art triumph reached, completed, another and a still higher flight of genius was immediately contemplated. Although

the first families in England eagerly sought his society, and although he not unfrequently paid them visits, yet his heart was always with his own relatives and his old friends. On one occasion, when staying with Madame Mendelssohn's aunt at Denmark Hill near London, an excursion to Windsor was planned; he pleaded a slight indisposition and did not join the party. It would seem that he employed the day after his own way, for when his friends returned he delighted them in the evening by playing the result of his labors, the charming "Lied ohne Worte," in A major, No. 6 of the 5th Book, in the first London Edition,—one of the freshest, most pleasing, and universally popular of the whole collection.

It has often been a reproach to the English nation that not only did it consist of "shopkeepers," but that it had not any taste or love for music. Such an assertion is easy to make, and almost as easy to disprove, but a refutation of so absurd a declaration is by no means the object of this paper. Granting for the sake of argument, that England has produced no composer whose works can be measured with those of the mighty Germans of the last and present century, England, of all nations in Europe, has stood preëminent in her patronage, production, and performance of these great works. It was England's appreciation and England's wealth, that first encouraged Handel to strike out that path of Sacred Music which enabled him to die a rich man, and by his works render himself immortal. It is English taste, and England's money that has made her annual and triennial musical Festivals at Gloucester, Hereford, Worcester, Norwich, and above all at Birmingham, not only a source of enormous income, most nobly spent in the relief of sickness and distress, (in London alone the "Messiah" has realized more than \$1000,000 for the cause of charity), but these Festivals have greatly benefitted the artists engaged, and have largely added to the improvement of musical taste, by the production of all schools of art, performed in an irreproachable manner. At the head of these great musical gatherings, the triennial music meeting at Birmingham stands before all. Every third year this great "tone feast" is held in the city of steam engines and manufactories. So arduous are the preparations, that at the conclusion of one Festival hardly six months elapse before arrangements are commenced for the next, two years and a half distant. I have not at hand the means of ascertaining the precise date of the first of these great events, but I think I am not in error in stating that the commencement of them on something approaching the present grand scale, was in 1832, when the noble Town Hall in Birmingham was inaugurated, and the new organ, then one of the wonders of the world, (but now greatly exceeded by larger and better instruments in England and America), was heard for the first time. On this occasion a

new Oratorio, "David," by Neukomm was produced. The only part of this work I recollect was a curious effect of "sound-painting," namely a tremendous chromatic scale with a bang of the big drum at the end of it. This scale was intended to represent the stone leaving David's sling, and the bang was the said stone hitting Goliath's forehead!! This festival, imperfect as it was compared with its successors, gave Birmingham the lead in all similar undertakings, and no meetings were held without some new work by a great composer being expressly ordered by the committee. For some years the Direction was anxious to enlist Mendelssohn into its service, but his many engagements in his own country prevented his fulfilling the wish. In 1840 and again in 1843, the "Hymn of Praise," "St. Paul," and various other lesser works had been given under the composer's direction, and received with enthusiastic fervor; but in 1843 the committee obtained a positive promise that not only should a work be ready for the Festival of 1846, but that Mendelssohn would himself direct the music. Beyond the promise given, the selection of the work itself, whether choral or instrumental, sacred or secular, was left to Mendelssohn's discretion; but I rather think strong hints were thrown out, that an Oratorio would be the most acceptable work that could be written in fulfilment of the engagement. It is unnecessary now to say more than that "Elijah" was the work written. All the circumstances of its composition, the difficulties of the libretto, and the extraordinary triumph of its production on the memorable 31st of August, 1846, in the Birmingham Town Hall, are so amply, clearly, and beautifully detailed in Mendelssohn's letters of the period, that any attempt at redescending in detail the events of that remarkable festival would fall farshort of the magnificence of the reality, which, as it was willed by Providence, was the last blaze of glory in a life which all hoped and then believed was destined to a long period of greater success.

"Elijah" has passed into a realm far beyond the reach of criticism. In popularity it vies with the "Messiah" and "Creation." As a masterpiece of genius and musical craft, in its faultless construction, its wonderful delineation of the character of the great Prophet and his contemporaries, in the gorgeousness of its instrumental clothing, in its various touching episodes, and in its masterly contrapuntal treatment, although there is not a set Fugue in it for the delectation of ultra Handelians, the production of "Elijah" is the great event of Oratorio writing since "Israel in Egypt." There is only one work which can be named in comparison to it, viz., "St. Paul." While the latter in many ways may be and is considered the superior work by reason of its undoubtedly greater contrapuntal learning, yet I cannot wonder at "Elijah" being the greatest favorite; and this arises, if I may say so, from a very obvious cause. In "St. Paul" Mendelssohn had to give to his music a stern, uncompromising early Christian coloring; excepting in the raving of the indignant Jews, against the taunts of Stephen and the outpourings of Paul, there was no opportunity for any great dramatic treatment. The reverse is the case in *Elijah*. Were it to English habits

seemly, the whole oratorio without any material alteration might be placed on the stage with the greatest propriety, with scenery, costume and dramatic action. There is not a scene in the work which is not capable of the highest stage effect, and I fancy that, had Mendelssohn lived, something approaching to a dramatic performance would have been attempted; an undertaking similar to those described by him in his letters from Düsseldorf, where "Israel in Egypt" was performed with scenery and action. Such an exhibition of sacred subjects is however quite contrary to English feeling, and an attempt at introducing it would inevitably be forbidden by the law, but the real dramatic tendency of "Elijah" will always remain the chief secret of its great popularity.

I have said that "Elijah" was the culminating triumph of Mendelssohn's genius. He received the universal homage of multitudes with the calmness and absence of vanity which was the chief characteristic of his mind. I saw him at the house of his old friend Mr. Moore an hour after the first performance at Birmingham. All he replied to my hearty congratulations was: "I know you like some of 'Elijah,' tell me what you do not like," and no sooner had he returned to his beloved Leipzig for the Gewandhaus Concerts of 1846, than he set to work to make sundry alterations and improvements; the greatest of which was, perhaps, the substitution of the unaccompanied trio for Soprani: "Lift thine eyes" for an accompanied Duet to the same words. During this autumn and winter his letters show that not only was he employed in preparing "Elijah" for the press, but he was sketching out various plans for future works, amongst others the "Christus," thereby showing his wish to add another to the numerous works on the same subject, which more than any other has engaged the minds of all great composers.

The London season of 1847 now drew near, and it was known that its principal honors would be given to Mendelssohn and the "Elijah." Many performances were held in the provinces and in Dublin, at most of which he presided; and at Exeter Hall his new Oratorio, and his appearance was the signal for crowded audiences and enthusiastic receptions. During this time in London he was excessively occupied with all sorts of public and private engagements,—but he never forgot his old friends. He lived chiefly at the house of his friend, Charles Klingemann, in Hobart Place, Eaton Square, and many were the delightful evenings spent in that most agreeable circle. His last appearance in London was at a Philharmonic concert in July, at the Hanover Square Rooms. Few present on that occasion will forget the evening. Both the Queen and the Prince Consort were present. Mendelssohn played Beethoven's Concerto in G, and directed his own Midsummer Night's Dream music. Two days after this he left England for the last time. It has been asserted by an author writing on "Music and Morals," that "Elijah" destroyed Mendelssohn. This is not the fact. It is true that at the close of the London season he was excessively tired by the constant ovations offered him; but there is no reason to suppose that, if he could have had the quiet and repose

in Switzerland he had planned for himself and family, he would not have recovered his usual health. All was prepared for a happy holiday in the Bernese Oberland, which he always declared was the most beautiful country he knew; the sketch books and color boxes were packed, the last proofs of "Elijah" had been corrected and sent to the press; plans were formed for the continuation of "Christus" and many other works lying unfinished in his portfolio; everything pointed to a happy period of some weeks of perfect quiet with his wife and children, when an event occurred which laid the foundation of his fatal illness. Mendelssohn had been most fondly attached to all the members of his family, but especially to his sister Fanny Hensel. This lady, as I have already stated, was gifted with the highest musical attainments; she was an admirable pianist and an excellent composer, and she has left many works which show she possessed much of her brother's genius. Nothing can show the love which the brother and sister entertained for each other better than Mendelssohn's own letters.

It was either on the day fixed for Mendelssohn's leaving Frankfurt-on-the-Main, or close upon it, that Mme. Hensel died suddenly in Berlin. The painful news was communicated to Mendelssohn in a very abrupt manner, and the effect was such as to completely stun him, and to cause a slight attack of the malady which afterwards in so short a time proved fatal. However he was still urged by his friends and physicians to carry out his plans for change of scene and repose, and he did so. His letters during this closing period of his life are very sad. In one to his friend Buxton, of the firm of Ewer & Co., the London publishers of his works, he speaks in a gloomy manner of returning to Leipzig "to set his house in order," and it is evident that the great grief caused by his sister's decease had the effect upon his mind and body which subsequently caused his death. In the fall of the year, he returned with his family to Leipzig, and commenced preparations for the musical season, and especially for a grand performance of "Elijah" at Vienna, which he was especially engaged to conduct. Soon after he arrived in Leipzig, it became necessary for him to go to Berlin, in order to arrange his late sister's musical MSS. and other papers which had been left in his charge. This was the last drop which caused the cup to overflow. His early life in Berlin, his never ceasing affection for his mother, who died in 1844, and for his sister so recently taken from him, was all brought back to him. On his return to Leipzig he became frequently subject to fits of unconsciousness, and on the very day that he was to have conducted a Gewandhaus concert, and a week before the time fixed for his journey to Vienna, he fell into a stupor from which he never recovered, and died calmly and painlessly on the 4th of November, 1847.

The cause of his death was ascertained by a *post mortem* examination to be an affection of the brain. The year following his death I was in Leipzig, and I saw the physician who attended him. He told me that had it been possible to save his life his reason would probably have been so affected, that melancholy madness would have been the result. It is needless to

add that death was a preferable alternative to such a life of misery for such a mind.

News in 1847 did not travel so fast as now, but such an occurrence was not long in reaching London, the scene of Mendelssohn's many triumphs and successes. The unexpected event, and the necessary confusion and excitement in Leipzig rendered it impossible for private letters to be written. The first intelligence therefore came through the public prints, and I became acquainted with the fact by reading the *Times* newspaper of the 7th of November, 1847. It was aptly said by Mr. Chorley in the *Athenæum*, that since the death of Scott no event had made such an impression as the death of Mendelssohn. Scott, however, died at a mature age, and after such a wonderful exercise of his powers as might well try the mind of any man over sixty years of age. Mendelssohn died in the thirty-seventh year of his age. A few months previously he had quitted London in the full possession of all his faculties. He had left under many promises to return; plans were made for the production of new works; new triumphs were in store for him; and England, next to Germany the home of his choice, was already girding herself up for the dispensing of further honors and proofs of love. No wonder then that the 4th of November was a black letter day in the history of music in Great Britain.

A few weeks after Mendelssohn's death, means were taken for the erection of a suitable monument to his memory. A Committee of professors was appointed, with Sir George Smart as the Chairman, and consisting mostly of Mendelssohn's English musical friends and pupils. Benedict, Bennett, Cipriani Potter, Henry Smart, myself, H. F. Chorley, E. Buxton, and some others whose names at this distance of time have escaped my memory, were appointed members of this Committee. Our first object was to raise the necessary funds. After much discussion it was resolved that a performance of "Elijah" should be given at Exeter Hall. This was done at the commencement of 1848, and a splendid interpretation of our friend's last work took place under Benedict's direction, Jenny Lind volunteering to take the principal soprano part. This concert realized a large sum after paying very heavy expenses, and then arose the question as to the best mode of raising a monument and the form it should assume. Various discussions took place; the respective merits of marble statues in Hanover Square and other ways of personally perpetuating Mendelssohn's memory were debated; but yet nothing was definitely decided, as we all felt that neither marble nor bronze could sufficiently perpetuate the memory of our dear friend, and to many of us, master. At last a happy idea occurred. One of Mendelssohn's last acts in musical politics was the foundation of a music School in Leipzig. At this institution the most complete art education is imparted to the students. Every branch of executive instruction is taught by the first professors who can be obtained, and after a prescribed course of study, diplomas and degrees are conferred which are sure vouchers for the efficiency of those who hold them. The Committee, then, of the Mendelssohn memorial concert came, I think, to a wise conclusion

when they decided to invest the funds at their disposal in the English Funds, in the name of Trustees, who were to apply the interest to the maintaining "forever" a "Mendelssohn scholar," a native of the British Empire, at the Music School in Leipzig. This was done, and the result has given much greater satisfaction than any expenditure of this money on marble or metal statuary. The first Mendelssohn scholar was Mr. A. S. Sullivan, now well known in England as a very talented composer. The present holder of the scholarship is Mr. William Shakespeare; and if the holder of it proves only as good a musician as his namesake was a poet and dramatist, England has great things to hope from the result of his studies.

"*Si monumentum requiris, circumspice.*" This most pertinent but perhaps too oft quoted phrase from the inscription to Sir Christopher Wren, in the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, London, most fittingly applies to Mendelssohn. His works are his monument, and most truly will they follow him. These I leave to the admiration of all who would learn what is good and great in music. If he had not the learning of Bach, the massiveness of Handel, the versatility of Mozart, the grandeur of Beethoven, was not his style, his very mannerism, a happy combination, in addition to his own exhaustless invention, of all the great men, his compeers who had preceded him? Where shall we find better and more satisfactory evidences of learning than in "St. Paul," "Elijah," the many Psalms and the Church music written for the Cathedral in Berlin? Where shall we find in modern composition greater massiveness than in the Chorus: "Arise, shine," in *St. Paul*, or in "Thanks be to God" or "Be not afraid" in *Elijah*? Where can greater versatility be discovered than in the writings of a man whose mind could range from the composition of the "Antigone" and "Edipus" choruses, the Italian and Scotch Symphonies, down to the wonderfully serio-comic funeral march of "Pyramus and Thisbe" in the "Midsummer Night's Dream"? And in grandeur or fancy can many better specimens of both be found than in the Druid's choruses in the "Walpurgisnacht" or in the pseudo Witches' chorus in the same work? The fact is, that the more Mendelssohn's works are studied the more will they be believed in, and far from waning, I feel certain that long after many stars have set that now are shining, Mendelssohn's fame, as a planet fixed in the admiration of true believers in all that is sterling and great in art, will remain in its proper hemisphere, to be the wonder and instructor of all ages.

Of my dear friend's character as a man it is difficult to speak but in terms that might almost savor of exaggeration. In all relations of life, as a son, a husband and a father, he was humanly speaking perfect. I never met with a man who came up more to the standard of a Christian, a scholar and a gentleman. In his art opinions he was essentially catholic, and sought for good in all schools. His great models were Bach and Beethoven, but he was at all times willing to admit talent wherever he found it. Thus he rescued Schubert from the undeserved neglect, if not total ignorance, into which his works had fallen. He was the fast friend of Robert Schumann, who during

his life time was living in Leipzig, and greatly indebted to Mendelssohn for artistic advice and friendly counsel. The "Music of the Future" had, at Mendelssohn's death, not permeated musical society to the extent that it has since obtained; but I have heard him speak of Wagner's early works with great respect and hopes for the future, and although I cannot for a moment believe that he, as so consummate an artist, would have been pleased with all he heard from the disciples of the "Musik der Zukunft," yet I feel sure he would have done justice to the splendid orchestration, and the great strivings and yearnings of the school to strike out new paths of art, and would have gladly recognized the immense talent required to do this, as worthy of all praise.

Thus, I have endeavored to record my imperfect tribute of love and admiration to the memory of a man who was certainly the greatest musician of his time. As I said at the outset of my remarks, I trust the interest of the subject will be the excuse for all the faults with which I have executed my task. In America, Mendelssohn has long been the object of the greatest homage. This, the country destined to the greatest future yet attained by any nation of the earth, does well to cherish the memory of the great men of Europe; and amongst them all, whether as an artist, or as a man, few will be found worthier of admiration than Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

CHARLES EDWARD HORSLEY.

New York City, Oct., 1872.

Form in Music.

II.

We cannot confine our remarks to the inexperienced herd who, as we said before, rush into print without one quarter of the requisite knowledge. We feel it our duty to offer advice to two classes of composers who may be fairly assumed to have studied form, in a more or less perfect degree. The first has succeeded in mastering the principles of one particular form, and at once proceeds to write it to death. It thus becomes like a cobbler's last: he can turn out any number of pieces on the one block, and consequently his works have a stereotyped mannerism from which they can never be dissociated. We know Mr. Smallbrain. He is a "popular composer." He deluges our music warehouses with legions of pianoforte pieces, and produces the *morceau brillant*, *fantasia elegante*, *nocturne*, *bagatelle*, and *caprice de salon* in infinite quantities. In every one of these we at once recognize "the block;" and, as to the difference between all these elegant terms, we are of the opinion of the immortal Sam Weller that "it is the seasoning as does it;" knowing, as we do, that the title constitutes the only difference between the caprice and the fantasia, and that they are all formed upon the simplest "block;" the composer being perhaps ignorant of the fact. Mr. Smallbrain must feel that, when once the public shall have become nauseated with his *parvum in multo*, he will speedily be consigned to oblivion. His fathers and grandfathers tried the same thing, and where are they now?

The other class is represented by men of acknowledged eminence and position, whose works are real music, and prove that their authors are acquainted with the principles and details of form. But we accuse them of frequent misapplication of nomenclature. In music recently under our perusal, we have a *capriccio*, which is simply a *lied*, with no caprice about it—a *rondo*, which never comes round to its subject, and is therefore not a *rondo*—a *potpourri* on one operatic air—and a *sonatina*, which really is a caprice; there being nothing amplified, developed, or even repeated about it. If composers who really do direct and influence public taste would be more discriminative in the terms they use, they would do more for art than they even now achieve.

We conclude these remarks by advising students to carefully read the valuable articles on "Artistic

Forms" in Dr. Marx's book, and direct attention to the classic masters, as compared with each other in their adherence to, or departure from, the principles of form. And first, our mind naturally reverts to Haydn, as the establisher and developer of musical form of the symphonic class. We do not say that those principles did not exist in the works of Bach and Corelli; but affirm that it is to Haydn we must look for the first perfect symmetry of detail. Gluck and Mozart were punctilious in their regard to form in everything they wrote; while Beethoven may be regarded as the "master of form" and a model, without the study of whom any musician's labors must be incomplete. In examining the foregoing authors, it is remarkable that their ideas were few in quantity, but rich in quality:—that their subject matter is pregnant and fertile:—and that the great charm of their writing is the skill with which they developed that subject matter. Weber, on the contrary, was too impulsive to confine himself to the rules of form. He produced powerful and beautiful phrases in rapid succession, but rarely with anything like reproduction or development. Consequently, in any given amount of musical matter, Weber would use six separate ideas to Beethoven's one: the result being that none of Weber's leave any lasting impression on the mind, while that of Beethoven's would be ineffaceable. Take the beautiful phrase in the movement known as "Softly sighs." Where, we ask, is the completion of the air? (we refer of course to the quick movement near the end); and does it not leave in the mind a sense of inconclusiveness and consequent imperfection? Weber's music is like the ever-changing beauty of the kaleidoscope: Beethoven's like the symmetry and wondrously minute perfection of an oriental in-laying. Mendelssohn, in this matter, is chiefly remarkable for his development of the *lied* form, and for his daring, occasionally, to depart from prescribed rule; but with all his beauty and power, he is a dangerous model, as regards form, for the student. Meyerbeer seems the most successful modern composer who has, in some sense, repudiated musical form: it requires, however, genius such as his to do this and succeed. Of Wagner we will offer no opinion here, because his works have had, as yet, no fair chance in this country. He meets us boldly in denying the abstract right of musical form. He evidently thinks the world mad, and the world thinks him mad. Which opinion will be substantiated, time must prove.—*London Mus. Standard.*

Gounod, the eminent French composer, has gone to law. A man does not betake himself to the protection of an English Court of Chancery, it may well be believed, until his wrongs have become so outrageous that he is nearly driven to madness by them. And this seems to have been the case with the composer of "Faust." He had gathered together about sixty compositions, all set to English words, and all having his own name upon the title page. He played these over, not in the fond spirit with which artists are wont to regard their own productions, but with a perfect *excrecendo* of rage. "It is a wise child," says the old proverb, "that knows its own father." In this case it would have taken a wiser man than Solomon to recognize his own children. Poor Gounod's babes had been, so to speak, dressed up in the most fantastic garments. Their eyebrows had been corked, their heads shaved, their cheeks painted, and false whiskers applied to their callow cheeks. What wonder that the unhappy parent failed to recognize his bantlings! To speak according to the fact, the enterprising English publishers had ransacked M. Gounod's compositions and selected from them such melodies as they thought would serve their turn. Then they altered the accompaniment and varied the tune according to their own notions of fitness, and finally set the music to words entirely different in spirit to those for which they were composed. Gounod found his requiems doing duty as love songs, and melodies through which he had sought to express the depths of despair hurried up in the time and set for quadrille music. Under such circumstances an author might contemplate either suicide or chancery, or perhaps first chancery and then suicide. Happily the appeal to the law has not been in vain, and Vice-Chancellor Malins—the blessings of the nine muses be upon him—has granted a perpetual injunction against the well-known firms of Cramer, Wood & Co. and Hutchins & Romer, restraining them from publishing further songs with M. Gounod's name attached. Now if the composer would but turn his attention to some of our American pub-

lishers it would be a boon to the public, for the same system of distortion has been carried on here, and, in fact, has been carried so far as greatly to injure Gounod's reputation, and to make his so-called songs things to be avoided rather than sought for.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Church Music Association.

[The New York Tribune, Dec. 28, has the following notice of the first concert of this Association under its new conductor, Mr. HORSLEY, one of the most accomplished of English musicians, a pupil and intimate associate of Mendelssohn,—witness his interesting "Reminiscences" contributed to the last three numbers of this Journal.]

The little handful of brave people who faced the storm on Thursday night for the purpose of attending the first concert of the fourth season of the Church Music Association at Steinway Hall, were rewarded with a much better performance than they had any right under the circumstances to expect. The chorus, to be sure, was small, the altos numbering only seven or eight, and the sopranos only about half their usual number, and we should say that the people on the stage, including the orchestra, were just about as many as the people in the body of the hall. Still the singing was more correct and more spirited than it usually has been at the entertainments of this society, and the programme was excellent. The first piece was Sir William Sterndale Bennett's "Najaden" overture, a most graceful and ingenious work, charmingly conceived and beautifully scored. Haydn's Third, or Imperial, Mass, which the Church Music Association has given once before, was repeated with considerable effect; and the concert closed with Mendelssohn's "First Walpurgis Night," of the execution of which we can say that, though open to criticism, it showed intelligent and appreciative study. The difficult chorus, "Come with Torches," was rather too much for the singers, but the beautiful and characteristic "Disperse, disperse, ye gallant men" won an encore. The solo parts in the Mass and the "Walpurgis Night" were taken by Mrs. Gulager, Miss Antonia Henne, Mr. Leggat, and Mr. Remmert.

The Church Music Association has secured for its Musical Director and Conductor Mr. Charles Edward Horsley, an English musician and composer of reputation, and son of the late William Horsley, the distinguished glee writer. Under the charge of this leader we shall expect the Association to do much better things than it has hitherto seemed to be in the way of accomplishing. Of course Mr. Horsley's capacity is not to be gauged by the result of his first concert, especially a concert given with less than half his chorus; but good judges are already impressed in his favor. There was a remark of his on the programme, which is so just, and so entirely in accord with what we have several times written, apropos of certain performances in New York, that we shall venture to reprint it:

"This Mass has already been performed by the members of the Church Music Association, so any more detailed account of it is unnecessary. It is, however, played this evening as Haydn wrote it, and without the additional instruments which were added on a former occasion. It is a great question with the present Musical Director as to how far such additions are justifiable. In the case of Handel, to whose "Messiah," "Alexander's Feast," and "Acis and Galatea," additional wind parts have been added by Mozart and Mendelssohn, the reason is obvious. The orchestras of Handel's time contained comparatively few wind instruments, and it is well known that he himself, by his masterly accompaniments on the organ, supplied the deficiency. After his death the tradition was lost, and these additions were completely justified, and in the hands of such masters as Mozart and Mendelssohn, Handel's ideas benefited rather than lost by the process. In Haydn's case, the matter becomes totally altered. In his time all the instruments now in vogue were known and, when he desired it, used by him. Haydn was the father of modern instrumentation. Mozart, Beethoven, and all his other great contemporaries,

were indebted to his symphonies and other works for their knowledge and power to carry out what he had so nobly invented, and it is absurd to suppose that, having all the musical resources of the Austrian capital at his command, he would not have employed a second flute, two clarionets, two horns, and three trombones in this "Imperial Mass," had he conceived that his music required them. Such additions are totally superfluous, and, in the Music Director's opinion, savor of such a want of reverence for the memory of a truly great man and artist, that they should at once be put aside, as in every respect to be avoided."

[From the Sun.]

It has always been the fortune of this society to have its chorus seats full and an audience that crowded the hall to the doors, and this was the first exception to the rule. It was the night of the great storm—a true Walpurgis night. Mendelssohn's cantata of that name was to be performed, but evidently the subscribers were not anxious to go through an actual "Walpurgis Night" for the sake of an unreal one. The consequence was that the audience on one side and the chorus and orchestra on the other about balanced each other in numbers, and the empty benches mustered in stronger force than either.

Perhaps this was not after all so much a matter of regret, since those who came were undoubtedly the most earnest and enthusiastic part of the chorus. Certainly the result was a very satisfactory one, for we never heard the association sing with so much unity, precision, correctness, and spirit, as on this occasion. Those who are accustomed to assert that a chorus of amateurs cannot sing were refuted by the facts of that evening's performance, and certainly a part of the credit due for this belongs to the late leader of the society, Mr. Pech. We have never thought that he had the wisest of ways as a conductor; nevertheless, in listening to the admirable singing of the present chorus, we could not fail to trace its efficiency in great part to the zeal and persistency with which he has drilled it for the last three years.

Mr. Horsley, the new leader, has a name that for more than one generation has been an honored one in the musical literature of England, and one which no lover of English glee and madrigal music can hear without respect. He comes to us, therefore, with good antecedents and an excellent musical reputation.

In person Mr. Horsley is a large and powerful man, well advanced in life, not graceful in action, but of a hearty manner and genial temper, and with a firm method that gives him an easy control over his instrumental and vocal forces.

The pieces performed were Haydn's Third Mass—known as the "Imperial Mass"—and Mendelssohn's music to Goethe's "First Walpurgis Night." The soloists were Mrs. Gulager, Miss Henne, Mr. Leggat, and Mr. Remmert, of whom, and we speak it with due respect for the marked abilities of the other singers, Mr. Remmert was by far the best. His singing, indeed, of the music of the Druid priest in the "Walpurgis Night," a part written by Mendelssohn for his cherished friend, Edward Devrient, was really superb, and would anywhere, even at such a Gewandhaus concert as that at which the work was first produced, have commanded admiration.

We congratulate the association on its new conductor and on the evident progress that it is making, which was very manifest in the correctness with which the fugue on the words "In Gloria Dei Patri," in the mass, was given, and also in the finish and precision with which the very difficult final choruses of the "Walpurgis Night" were sung.

The efforts of the *altos* were especially to be commended. They were numerically by far the weakest part of the chorus, there being not more than eight of them as against some forty or more sopranos, but they sang with a promptness and assurance that very nearly made good the inequality in numbers.

There was a time when the Church Music Association was afraid of its music, and attacked a chorus with the suppressed murmur of an army of mosquitos, but that day is happily over. The society has learned to open its mouth, if we may use the expression, and that is half of the art of singing, and now there will be no more *bocca chiusa* humming. Now let them look with a little more attention to the expression marks and all will be well. There were passages in the mass that should have shaded down with a fine *diminuendo* that were held out *forte* to the end, and generally speaking the chorus has not yet learned the full value of a *pianissimo*.

Musical Correspondence.

Music in New York.—Thomas's Second Symphony Concert.—Rubinstein.

NEW YORK, JAN. 6, 1873.—The second of six Symphony Soirées by Theodore Thomas, at Steinway Hall, came on Saturday evening, Dec. 28. The audience comprised all of our best listeners, for the press was fully represented, and there are few musicians of note among us whose faces were not to be discerned when the brilliant sun-burners threw a sudden radiance over the assembly, and Thomas raised his bâton to begin the Symphony.

It was the sixth by Beethoven.—The "Pastorale." The opening *Allegro ma non troppo* was wonderfully well played. I cannot describe the lightness, the delicacy, the precision of the strings; and the wind instruments were beyond praise, being in perfect tune and kept well under in their proper place.

The second movement, *Andante molto moto*, is the most popular part of the work, on account of the beautiful flow of melody which is generally supposed to represent a book. It is, however, to my mind, inferior to the final *Allegretto*; and the introduction of the "Cuckoo," at the close of the movement, is a trick not in keeping with the general spirit of Beethoven's works.

The third movement, *Scherzo*, comes fairly under the head of programme music, called "descriptive" because an attempt is made to describe material things, whereas the true province of music is to describe ideas and emotions. All that we can say of the "merry-making of peasants interrupted by a thunderstorm," is that the representation is as good as can be made in music. The *Allegretto* which follows this *Scherzo* without break, is, to me, the most delightful part of the Symphony. The Shepherds' song is genuine inspiration. The theme itself is inconceivably lovely and it passes through variation after variation, each of which seems more beautiful than that which precedes it. It is hard to find words sufficient to praise the manner in which this work was performed by Mr. Thomas' admirable orchestra. It was simply perfect, for the most exacting critic could find no flaw or blemish.

The next piece was Max Bruch's Violin Concerto, op. 26, which was played by Sarasate at one of our Philharmonic concerts last season. This time the violinist was Mr. S. E. Jacobsohn, a newly acquired member of the Thomas Orchestra, who displayed considerable talent in the way of rapid, facile execution. His tone is good, although not strong, and his rendering of the piece would have been very good were it not for a tendency to flat, which, however, may have been caused by nervousness. The last movement of the Concerto is particularly fine, but it demands a breadth of technique and a vigorous, open style which few violinists possess.

Berlioz's Overture, "King Lear," closed the first part of the programme. Part Second was composed entirely of "future music," beginning with Liszt's Symphonic Poem "*Die Hunnenschlacht*," which is supposed to describe Kaulbach's painting of that name. The final triumph of the Christians is denoted by a choral, which is first outlined by the brass and afterwards taken up by the organ, [which, by the way, was a quarter of a tone below the orchestra.] This choral is worked up between the organ and the orchestra with magnificent effect. Mr. Caryl Florio was the organist.

The remaining selections were Wagner's fine Introduction and Finale from "Tristan and Isolde," already familiar to most of us through the Garden Concerts, and the wierd "Ritt der Walküren" from *Die Walküre*.

The third Symphony Soirée will take place on

Jan. 11th, when Anton Rubinstein will play Beethoven's Concerto in G. The combination of Theodore Thomas's well drilled orchestra with the Rubinstein concert troupe, less the feminine element of the latter, gives our musical connoisseurs a rare opportunity of hearing the finest concerted pieces of the best masters rendered in a style of faultless excellence. Three of these entertainments have been given at Steinway Hall. The programme of the first was as follows:

Overture, "The Water-Carrier".....	Cherubini.
Concerto, No. 3, G major.....	Rubinstein.
Concerto for Violin.....	Beethoven.
Symphonic Poem: "Tasso".....	Liszt.
Kreislaria.....	Schumann.
Adagio for Violin.....	Rubinstein.
Polonaise.....	Wienlawski.
Ballade, Scherzo, Nocturne.....	Chopin.
Huldigungs March.....	Wagner.

Rubinstein gains upon us steadily, and we are deeply indebted to Mr. Grau for the enterprise he has shown in presenting to us an artist whose immense power and grandeur, together with his delicacy of touch and thoroughly musical sentiment, show him to be the most complete pianist who has ever visited our shores. Rubinstein has no meretricious tricks for display, or special gymnastic feats for the wonder of open-eyed and gaping provincials; but he plays as though he had no ideas except the musical one which he endeavors to express. He is, of course, an unequal performer:—what artist of real genius is not? In the *Ballade* by Chopin (Op. 23, in G min.) he slurred and blurred to complete indistinctness the Finale, which needs the utmost clearness to mean anything to most ears; and in several instances he simplified the broken double-note passages by making single octaves of them. This was easier for him, no doubt, but it was hardly satisfactory to those who have studied the *Ballade* until every note is perfectly familiar. In Schumann's "Kreislaria," however, his accuracy was unflinching, and he performed the whole of that magnificent piece, or set of pieces, in a style which certainly could not be surpassed by any artist in the world. In the Chopin *Scherzo* (op. 20, B min.) his tempo was too rapid to give the ordinary amateur any sort of an understanding of the composer's intention; but in playing the lovely *Nocturne* (op. 27, No. 2, in D flat), he displayed all that exquisite delicacy and neatness of fingering, all that tender grace of expression which are so peculiarly necessary to any one who attempts to interpret the gifted Pole; and it is only just to say that human fingers could not give a more positive rendering of that delicious, dreamy Nocturne. Some years ago I heard Rubinstein play this same composition at a classical concert in London, and it was the prevailing impression then that the author himself had scarcely played it better.

As for Wienlawski,—well, there are violinists and violinists. Some people like a clear, pure tone; others, apparently, do not. Those who admire *scratching* and false stopping, together with sundry other things of the same nature would have experienced wild joy upon hearing Beethoven's Violin Concerto as it was played on the evening in question; but, for those who regard a correct intonation as a thing of primal importance, it could not have been pleasing.[!] Wienlawski, evidently belongs to that school, of which Ole Bull is a prominent member, whose first article of belief is that genuine passion and fervor is signified by rasping the strings. In the days of Corelli roughness of tone may have been unavoidable, but, with the violin-bow as constructed at present, it is a glaring fault in any player.

If my language seems severe, it should be remembered that, while Wienlawski's merits have been fully acknowledged and discussed, since his appearance in America, no critic has yet, as far as I am aware, ventured to express what can hardly fail to be the sentiments of a musician with regard to the points above mentioned. [!]

The programme of the second concert, Jan. 3, was as follows;

Overture, "Leonora," No. 3.....	Beethoven.
Concerto, A minor, op. 54.....	Schumann.
Concerto for Violin, No. 5.....	Vieuxtemps.
Overture, "Dimitri Donskoi".....	Rubinstein.
Rondo.....	Mozart.
Gigue.....	Handel.
Air and Variations.....	Handel.
Faust Fantaisie.....	Wienlawski.
Rakoczy March.....	Liszt.

Rubinstein gave the best rendering I have ever heard of that magnificent work which is undoubtedly the pianoforte concerto of modern days, in comparison with which others are as pigmies in the shadow of Colossus. No less wonderful, though of a very different character, was the power by which he subdued Rubinstein and substituted Mozart and Handel, in his performance of the quaint classical Rondo, Air and Gigue. The applause was so hearty and sincere that, quite contrary to his usual custom, he returned to the piano, and, much to our surprise and delight, played Chopin's exquisite study in C-sharp minor (op. 12, No. 7) as I have never before heard it. Then, being fairly in the Chopin mood, with scarcely a pause he dashed into the Etude in A minor (Op. 25, No. 12), of which he gave such a perfect rendering that I was inclined to leave the hall feeling that there could be no more music for that night at least. I remained, however, and heard Wienlawski's Fantaisie: a bold and musician-like work, in which the themes are beautifully handled, and by no means stale or commonplace, as such compositions usually are.

I must postpone mention of Messrs. Mills and Damrosch's fourth soirée, and various other matters which demand attention, until my next letter.

A. A. C.

NEW YORK, DEC. 23.—At the second concert of the Philharmonic Society, Dec. 14, Raff's Symphony, in G minor, No. 4 (new) was performed. Though not differing materially in style from those works of the same composer with which we are already familiar, this symphony is well worth hearing and, indeed, must be heard several times before its merits can be fully appreciated. The first few bars of the introductory *Allegro* furnish a key to the whole Symphony; a dreamy mystical beauty, as of

"Those hills whose flowers ne'er fed the bee;
That shore no ship has ever seen."

pervades it all. This movement contains a very graceful fragment of melody for the violoncello (exquisitely rendered by Mr. Bergner), which is afterwards taken up by the reeds. The *Scherzo*, which follows, is quite intricate, and is scored in a manner which shows the composer to be thoroughly master of the resources of an orchestra. In the *Andante* there is a series of massive and sustained chords leading to nothing in particular, and it is here that the work seemed to me weakest. The *Finale*, however, is both effective and interesting.

The work was very coldly received by an audience which was evidently unequal to the task of forming an opinion for itself. The other orchestral pieces were the "Liebescene," from Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet," and the fine "Consecration of th House" Overture, in C major, by Beethoven.

The orchestra, conducted by Carl Bergmann, now numbers one hundred performers, including 38 violins, 14 violas, 13 violoncellos, 15 double basses, 2

voice, of good compass, evenly developed, well schooled. He knows how to sing, and is equal to whatever he undertakes, which, when we consider that his chief sphere has been oratorio, is saying a good deal. His recitative is excellent; his holding out and shading of the tone, his phrasing and expression in *cantabile*, are all that could be asked of one yet in his early prime. And there is a manly fire, a truthful, honest ring in his strong passages, to which the hearer yields himself most willingly. In the Handelian *roulades*, and in all florid passages, his vocalization is very even, accurate, and easily sustained. There is now and then a little dryness in a tone or two, but the golden quality of the voice seems all the richer in emerging from the momentary veil.

The Concert Aria by Mozart, one of the noblest, most impassioned, and most difficult of the twelve isolated scenes of this sort which he wrote for various voices, was wholly new to Mr. Varley until he studied it for this occasion, since his arrival in this country. His speedy mastery of it speaks well for his musicianship. The entire rendering was intelligent, artistic, fervent and effective; nor was it a small thing for the voice to maintain its supremacy amid the rich and by itself singularly attractive orchestral accompaniment of Mozart.

The very trying air from *Israel in Egypt*: "The enemy said, I will pursue," so seldom sung, was substituted for "Love sounds the alarm" from *Acis and Galatea*, owing to the impossibility of procuring suitable accompaniments in season. Handel having left the score of that entire Cantata (Serenade) incomplete, it being his wont to fill out the harmony himself as he presided at the harpsichord or organ. Mendelssohn has filled out the instrumentation of *Acis*, but we know not whether his parts are published. The young tenor sang it with right manly energy, and an unflagging, clean and even execution in the long-breathed figured passages, which quite electrified the audience, and he was obliged to repeat it. The only exception we should take to the whole effort was to the occasional indulgence in those tricks of effect which have become the fashion and tradition among English singers, but which surely would have aroused the lion wrath of Handel; for instance the throwing up of the voice upon a high, long note by way of final cadence; this savors too much of the foot-lights, and seems to say: Mark me, my voice, no matter what old Handel meant.—Mr. Varley will be pretty sure to fill an important place in our best oratorio and concert music, if he remains with us.

The concert of this week had for programme: Overture to "Coriolan," Beethoven; Piano Concerto in G minor, Moscheles [J. C. D. PARKER]; Overture to "Les Abencerrages" [The Moors in Spain]. Cherubini; Oboe Concerto, in F minor, Riets [AUG. KUTZLER], first time; Symphony, No. 6, in C, [not the "Jupiter"], Mozart. Too late for a review this week.

The following [sixth] concert will be four weeks, instead of the usual fortnight, later. Among its novelties will be; the first movement of Rubinstein's "Ocean" Symphony; the "Concertstueck," in G, by Schumann, played by B. J. LANG, with orchestra; the D-minor Concerto of Bach for three pianos, &c.

Rubinstein and Wieniawski.—Farewell Concerts.

A worse time could not have been chosen for these great artists to revisit Boston. To say nothing of the effects of the great fire, the first two concerts came on Christmas eve and on the evening of Christmas, and there was of course a melancholy show of empty seats; on Friday evening and Saturday afternoon the attendance was much better, although the hall was very far from full. Yet the four concerts brought delight to quite a goodly number of the best music-lovers, with not a few of whom, ladies

especially, the admiration for the Russian artist amounts to a decided hero-worship. It must be remembered, too, that these were really *chamber concerts* given in the vast Music Hall; for a small hall, better fitted for such music, any one of these four audiences would have been a large one. There was no orchestra; the largest combination was that of Trios for piano, violin and 'cello, one for the opening of each concert. And it must be confessed that Trio playing is at disadvantage in so large a place, and so is Trio hearing. The great op. 97 of Beethoven, in B flat, was almost lost there; WULF FRIES's violoncello was in parts but feebly heard, and Rubinstein in the piano part, quite loyal and unpretentious, seemed not beyond comparison with other artists who have played it here. The endelssohn Trio in C minor told more effectively; and the two of Rubinstein's own composition (in B flat major and in G minor—the former given last Spring in Mr. Lang's concerts), though captivating by their individuality, and sometimes even by their eccentricity, yet doubtless in many produced just that perplexed, uncertain feeling of half acceptance, which would have been much more positive, the one way or the other, after a closer hearing in a smaller room. In his piano solos, even there, Rubinstein is always clearly heard, and Wieniawski's tone is very telling even in the Trios.

No pianist ever has produced so deep an impression here as Rubinstein by the intensity and individuality of his genius, by the complete losing of himself in the music which for the time being he interprets, and by his wonderful execution, unequalled hitherto in our experience alike for its electric energy and force and for its subtle delicacy. But there is no need of repeating here, even if it might be done with other words and fanciful analogies, what has been said before of his transcendent qualities as a performer. Nor on the other hand are we, on growing more familiar with his art, relieved, as we had hoped to be, from the impression of too frequent traits of wilfulness and sometimes positively wild exaggeration in the midst of so much that is beyond criticism, wholly admirable in his reproductions. Thus it seemed hardly fair to the unpretending naïveté of the little Mozart Rondo in A minor, innocent little flower, to transplant it into the Chopin conservatory, refining its simplicity and freshness all away. And some of Handel's healthy movements were intensified and magnified beyond their real aim, we thought.

On the other hand we must give the artist credit for giving us Bach *pure et simple*, not overcharged at all with his own individuality. But in his very grandest, most exciting revelations of the fire within him, where he almost takes your breath away, as in that tremendous Chopin *Scherzo* in B minor, which he played at the end of the first concert instead of the *Fantasia* set down in the programme, and in the great *Polonaise* he plays so often, one must ask after all, however much he may have been carried away for the time being, whether such effects are not more astonishing than wise, and whether Art in her pure, impersonal, ideal court can ever set her seal divine upon them. Could Mendelssohn have ever dreamed of such a storm and whirlwind of passion as we witnessed Friday night, when he composed that noble series of "Variations sérieuses?" These musical, and as it were elemental, *orgasms* are well described in a sentence which we copy from the New York Tribune: "Once or twice in the course of the piece the music poured forth from his hands, as it often does, in a torrent so impetuous that the rhythm was entirely overpowered, and the ear caught nothing but a tempest of glorious sounds, just as in some of the pictures of Turner, the eye loses the perception of form in a blaze of gorgeous color."

The wide range of his interpretations, through such a variety of forms and styles and masters,—and all played from memory, all first absorbed into himself and then given out with all the concentrated energies of his whole soul and brain,—was one of the great attractions of these, as of all his concerts.

When has such a wealth of pianoforte compositions been heard in a single week? He gave us the famous old "Cat's Fugue" Sonata of Domenico Scarlatti. Of Bach he let us hear some of the old favorites from the "Well-tempered Clavier," as well as the *Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue*; of Handel, an Air and Variation in E, and Gigue; of Beethoven, the great Trio in B flat; of Mendelssohn, the Trio in C minor, the *Variations sérieuses*, the *Scherzo capriccioso*, and several Songs without Words, including the

Folk-songs; of Schubert, the Rondo with Violin; of Chopin, the great *Scherzo* aforesaid, various Preludes and Etudes [from the simplest to the greatest], one of the finest Nocturnes, and the impassioned *Polonaise*; of Schumann, a string of little pieces: "Warum? Vogel als Prophet," "Abends" and "Traumes-wirren," all of which he played most exquisitely; one of Field's beautiful Nocturnes; Liszt's "Don Juan" Fantasia; and, besides the Trios, some captivating little pieces of his own,—two groups of them. The first consisted of a Nocturne, *Scherzo* and Etudes; the second, of a "Miniature Minuet" [quantitatively, almost pedantically, antique], a Serenade, Valse, a little brook-side scene, very fascinating, and a new Barcarole.

Here Wieniawski's violin playing was throughout so masterly, so pure, that we can but marvel at what our New York correspondent says of his performance of the Beethoven Concerto. He played, besides his own best things (a rich variety), the *Elegie* by Ernst, the Air from the orchestral Suite (set down an octave), and a most brilliant florid Prelude of Bach; some things by Vieuxtemps, by Rubinstein, &c.

In Prospect.

CHAMBER CONCERTS.—In spite of the winter's calamities, from which all musical enterprises in Boston more or less have suffered, at least three very interesting series of Matinees (not counting those of the Conservatories) now invite us.

1. The first of the three unique entertainments arranged by Mme. RUDERSDORFF, was given at Mechanics' Hall last Tuesday before a very cultivated audience. The illness of Miss LIERE caused some disturbing alterations of the programme: only at the last moment was a violinist [Mr. KRAUSE] found to take her place in the Sonata in D by Bach, of which the piano part was firmly and distinctly rendered by Miss MARY UNDERWOOD. This was to have opened the concert; but instead of it the same young lady, whose modest grace and earnest absorption in her music won warm favor, played the Beethoven Sonata in D, op. 10, for Piano solo, for the most part in an intelligent, firm, noble style, though in parts the execution was a little stiff and lame; but it was a first appearance and doubtless not without embarrassment. Mme. Rudersdorff herself, though not in her best voice, made a very fine impression by her singing of two pieces wholly new to Boston: an air from Mendelssohn's early opera, "Camacho's Wedding," and Handel's famous "Harpischord Song: "Vo far guerra." Miss ALICE FAIRMAN appeared to excellent advantage both in Haydn's "Spirit Song," and as the principal "Nadai" in a very beautiful composition by Rubinstein ("Die Nizer"), with four accompanying female voices, who likewise sang charmingly. Mr. Nelson Varley sang Handel's "Deeper and deeper still" and "Wait her, angels," with pure artistic style and pathos; and there was rare sweetness in his rendering of Ch. Salaman's music to the little song by Shelley: "I arise from dreams of thee." Owing to a slight huskiness from cold, however, his fine upper tones did not come out with so much ease as in the Symphony Concert. The piano accompaniments were played by Mr. W. F. APTHORP.—We have no room to do full justice to the good things of the programme, which as a whole was somewhat too sombre, albeit full of interesting novelties, and can only add that the two remaining matinees will be on the Tuesday afternoons, Jan. 21, and Feb. 4.

2. Next in order come four classical matinees, at the same hall by Mme. Camilla Urso, on successive Wednesdays, beginning Jan. 22. String Quartets [not to be a treat to hear one led by her?] Trios with piano Violin Sonatas, &c. by old masters like Corelli and Vivaldi and Leclair, compose the rare temptations.

3. Messrs. Hugo Leonhard and Julius Eichberg announce that their postponed series of six Musical Matinees will be given in Wesleyan Hall, on the following dates: Jan. 31, Feb. 14, March 7 and 21, April 4 and 18. It will be pleasantly remembered that these Matinees were among the most enjoyable and interesting of the musical entertainments given last season. We trust they may be patronized according to their high desert, as they are of the utmost value to the lover of what is good and true in musical art, in the familiarity they give with some of the most delightful compositions of the classical masters. Tickets for the series may now be procured at the music stores and at the Boston Conservatory of Music.—Gazette.

ORATORIO. S.—The Handel and Haydn Society are rehearsing "Judas Maccabaeus" and "Elijah" for performance Feb. 8th and 9th with Mme. Rudersdorff, Miss Fairman and Mr. Nelson Varley.

Music in London.

BRITISH ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.—Of this new organization, which gave its first concert in St. James's Hall on Thursday evening, Dec. 5, the Times informs us:

Since the Society of British Musicians, founded in 1834, was dissolved, there has been no combination of any importance among English orchestral players, who, nevertheless are notoriously equal, in a general sense, to any in Europe—a fact which foreign composers, such as Meyerbeer, Spohr, and Mendelssohn, freely acknowledged. No feeling of prejudice, much less of hostility, towards the many admirable instrumentalists, Italian, French, and German, who reside among us, and who exercise so large an influence on the efficiency of high-class per-

formances, whether operatic or purely orchestral, led to the institution of this new society. On the contrary, we are informed, and can readily believe, that a desire to make the public acquainted with what English musicians are able to do, independently of extraneous aid, was the leading, if not the sole motive—a motive which, being both natural and praiseworthy, is not open to criticism. The late Mr. Alfred Mellon for some years worked zealously in the same direction; but he was ultimately compelled to abandon his enterprise, and to rest upon the laurels which, by strenuous though ineffectual endeavors, he had honorably won. About the organization of the British Orchestral Society, knowing nothing, we can say nothing. The printed prospectus gives no list of committee, no table of regulations, and not even the name of any gentleman, amateur or professional, upon whom, as managing director, the chief responsibility would devolve. About these matters we are left in the dark. On the other hand, we have the list of an orchestra, 75 in number, consisting exclusively of native performers, every one of whom is a recognized proficient on the instrument of his choice. The orchestra is thus distributed:—14 first violins—principal, Mr. Carrodus; 12 second violins—principal, Mr. J. Zerbini; eight violas—principal, Mr. Doyle; nine violoncellos, and as many double basses, with A. R. E. Howell and Mr. Howell, sen., at the head of the respective departments, Messrs. Radcliffe, G. Horton, Lazarus, Hutchins, C. Harper, T. Harper, and Webster being principal flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, horn and trumpet, Mr. Phassey taking charge of the euphonium, Messrs. Pheasant, Seymour, and Orchard of the family of drums, and Mr. John Cheshire of the harp. The conductor is Mr. George Mount, one of our most eminent professors of the double bass; and when singers do not care to be accompanied by the orchestra, there is Mr. Zerbini to accompany them on the pianoforte. We must not omit to mention that the list of the orchestra gives the name of a single amateur only; which amateur is Dr. W. H. Stone, one of the few who now care to study and to practice that much neglected instrument, the "contrabasso," for which, nevertheless, some of the great masters have expressly written, and which possesses a strong individuality of tone. The prospectus, moreover, informs us that the British Orchestral Society intends giving six concerts, at intervals of a fortnight; that each programme will contain a symphony, a concerto, and two overtures, interspersed with vocal music; that the solo artists—players and singers—will, like the members of the orchestra, be exclusively English; that works by Messrs. J. F. Barnett, Arthur Sullivan and Macfarren will be produced for the first time; and that the last-named gentleman is to prepare "an analytical and historical programme" for each performance.

We subjoin the programme of the opening concert, as a fair example of what amateurs may look for during the series:—

Overture, "Ray Blas".....Mendelssohn.
Recit and Air, "Rage, thou angry storm".....Benedict.
Mr. Lewis Thomas.
Concerto in F minor, No. 4. Pianoforte. W. S. Bennett.
Mme. Arabella Goddard.
Air, "Sweet Bird,".....Handel.
Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington; flute obligato, Mr. Radcliffe.
Symphony in C minor, No. 5.....Beethoven.
Duet, "Dearest, let thy footsteps".....Spohr.
Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington, & Mr. Lewis Thomas.
Overture, "Oberon".....O. M. von Weber.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.—The eighth Saturday concert had the following for its programme:—Overture, "King René's Daughter" (first time), H. Smart; Cavatina, "Ernani involami," *Ernani* (Mme. Lanari, her first appearance), Verdi; Symphony, No. 2, in C, Schumann; Aria, "Caro mio ben" (Mme. Patey), Giordani; Concerto, No. 5, in E flat (Mr. Dannreuther), Beethoven; Scena, "Softly sighs," *Der Freischütz* (Mme. Lanari), Weber; Song, "Peacefully Slumber," (Mme. Patey), Randegger; Overture, "Melusine," Mendelssohn.

The performance of Mr. Henry Smart's clever, ingenious and beautiful overture is, we trust, but a prelude to that of the entire cantata. Everything from the pen of a gentleman so distinguished in his art should have a speedy hearing under the circumstances most conducive to a good result. Such a hearing had the overture; and the result satisfied everybody. Schumann's Symphony again gave rise to very opposite ideas respecting its own worth and its composer's genius. For our own part, it but confirmed opinions repeatedly stated in these columns—opinions which, while recognizing Schumann's wonderful enthusiasm and unquestionable genius, hold to the fact that he cannot be classed

precisely among the greatest masters. He is always unequal, and rarely more so than in this Symphony. It is but fair to say, however, that every movement was applauded, and that Schumann's name appeared to stand high in the estimation of the audience. Beethoven's Concerto—grandest of its class—needs no description and no eulogium; demanding only an executant equal to great demands upon intellect, taste, and skill. How those demands were met by Herr Dannreuther we need hardly say. He played the concerto without a book. The *Melusine* overture pleased as much as ever, and was very finely played, in spite of the enormous difficulties of the "wind" parts.

Mme. Patey achieved a great triumph in Giordani's air (encored), and one scarcely less great in Randegger's very peaceful and charming song.

The ninth Saturday concert was wholly devoted to Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*.—*Mus. World*, Dec. 14.

The tenth of the series was distinguished by two instrumental novelties—a Symphony in E flat by Mozart, and an arrangement by Beethoven for pianoforte of his own Violin Concerto. The first-named, though an early work of Mozart's, being composed in his seventh year, stands thirty-fourth in order of production. It is not up to the composer's standard, although it contains some beauties and is graceful throughout. It has the further advantage of brevity, for it lasted but eleven minutes; so that interest had barely time to slacken. It opens with an Allegro in E flat of one entire piece, and this, coming to a close in G major, leads to a placid Andante movement in C minor, which in turn runs, without pause, into the finale in the original key, a bright and cheerful movement. Beethoven's arrangement was a more important work. The orchestral score of the grand D major Concerto has not been altered by the master, who has simply paraphrased and strengthened the violin and solo passages and adapted them for the pianoforte. Miss Agnes Zimmermann was in command of the latter instrument, and acquitted her task with great fluency and judgment. She introduced Beethoven's own cadenzas, and was greatly applauded at the close. The overtures were "*Chevy Chase*" (Macfarren) and "*Oberon*," while an instrumental Intermezzo from M. Duvivier's opera "*Deborah*" was also introduced into the programme. Duvivier is not known on this side the channel, so we may state that "*Deborah*," from which this excerpt comes, was produced at the Lyrique in 1867. The Intermezzo is sparkling, piquant, and well orchestrated. The vocalists at Saturday's concert were Mme. Sinico and Signor Gustav Garcia. The lady sang with much effect Mendelssohn's "*Infelice*," and was recalled after "*Robert, toi que j'aime*." But a Ballade, "*La Baccante*," by Sig. Fiori, is a flimsy piece of Italian composition which will hardly justify repetition. Sig. Garcia was alike successful in the Romance sung by *Hoel* in the last act of "*Dinorah*," and a characteristic song, "*Biondina*," composed for him by M. Gounod. Next Saturday's programme includes Beethoven's fourth Symphony (in B flat), Schubert's Overture to "*Fierabras*," and Auber's to "*Le Cheval de Bronze*," and the Intermezzo, Scherzo, and Finale from Mendelssohn's first string Quintet. —*Orch.* Dec. 13.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—Two have been given since our last notice. The former had for its attraction the Kreutzer Sonata with Mme. Normann Néruda and Mr. Charles Hallé, and Schubert's A minor Sonata, No. 1, a beautiful work in which Mr. Hallé is thoroughly at home. The Quartet was Haydn's in E flat; Sig. Piatti played Boccherini's Violoncello Sonata in A so exquisitely as to compel an encore; and the vocalist was Mme. Sinico. At last Monday's concert we had a "*première*"—a rare sensation at the Monday Populars, which run somewhat in grooves. This was Haydn's Quartet in C minor, a charming work in all particulars, poetical, graceful and lovely. It need hardly be added that this work was played to perfection by Mme. Néruda, M. Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti; Mme. Néruda's pure tone and graceful style being specially remarkable throughout. Schumann's Quintet in E flat (Op. 44) came as an old acquaintance, and had for its interpreters the above artists and Herr Pauer. This gentleman and Mme. Néruda gave a couple of solos—Mendelssohn's Andante and Presto in B and Rust's *Suite de Pièces* in D minor, both achieving an encore after their respective performances. In the latter mentioned compositions the violinist had the advantage of Sir Julius Benedict's accompaniment. Mr. CASTLE, the American tenor, sang Schumann's "*Widmung*" and Schubert's "*Der Neugierige*" with success and was well applauded.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- A jolly good Laugh. Laughing Song. From
"The Picnic." 3. C to e. Thomas. 40
A jolly good ha! ha! ha! song, full of laughter,
and therefore just the thing to drive away the blues.
"The Picnic," by the way, is a very pretty easy
Cantata.
Dancing in the Dreamy Waltz. 2. D to e. Conolly. 30
In one Ear and out of the other. 3. A to e. " 30
In popular style, and likely to be popular, and to
be successes in social concerts.
Farewell Nellie. (Charlie's Answer.) 3. G to e.
Percy. 30
"Tho' I sail to lands afar
Contented I will be."
A good song for sailor lads and their true lassies.
False-hearted. 3. F to g. W. A. Smith. 30
"Oh, but the northern nights are keen,
The sailor clings to the frozen shrouds."
Capable of great expression.
Wrecked Hope. 3. C to c. Barnby. 35
"How in hope and joy she sees
The white sails homeward swelling."
Also a very expressive song, and has the merit
of being fitted for Alto or Bass voices, whose reper-
toire is somewhat limited.
Skating in Central Park. Song and Dance. 3.
A to f. Schwensch. 30
"Nothing half so nice,
As going there a-skating."
Jolly. Try it, boys!
A Spray of Mignonette. Lithograph Title. 3.
F to f. Thomas. 50
"I live a dream of other days."
A beautiful song as of course, beautifully sung
by Mrs. Seguin. Refined, like mignonette fra-
grance.
The Shades of Evening closed around me. 4.
G to e. Cloy. 35
"The breeze is hushed upon the hill."
For Contralto, and also (in a higher key) for So-
prano. Will be an effective concert song.
Meet me in the Twilight. 3. E to f. Cherry. 30
"To tell there tender love-tales
To the dreamy, nodding flowers."
A good ballad.
Not lost, but gone before. 3. C to d. Thomas. 35
"Gone before, to gladness only,
Weary hearted, weep no more."
One of the very beautiful "songs of the Loved and
Lost," and as there are such in every household,
this is a song for everybody.
One Look of Love. 4. F to f. Vannini. 30
"In chiedo un guardo."
More properly a "sentence" than a song, but is
very pleasing. Italian and English words.

Instrumental.

- A Brilliant Waltz.
Glittering Wavelets. 3. Ab. Clarke. 40
Dreamy Pieces.
Träumerei. Reverie. 3. F. Schumann. 35
Trios Nocturnes. No. 1. Egghard. 35
For Violin and Piano.
Morgenblätter Waltzes. Strauss. 75
Flowers of May. Smallwood, ea. 25
Harebell. 1. F. Woodbine. 1. F.
Rock Rose. 1. G. Trio. 1. G.
Blue Bell. 1. G. Mountain Daisy. 1. C.
All very good and very easy.
Six Morceaux de Salon. J. H. Waud
No. 1. La Sylphe Maz. Elegante. 4. Db. 40
A brilliant mazurka, and is also elegant and
graceful.
No. 2. Vin Rouge. Choeur Bacchanal. 4. A. 30
Something bizarre and quaint about the piece,
which is musical as well as original.
Sparkling Rain. Reverie. 5. F. J. S. Knight 40
It sparkles enough, surely. There is a kind of
whip-lash snap to the rapid arpeggios that suggests
something more solid than rain. A wonderfully
energetic and brilliant piece.
Souvenir de Strauss. Valse Sentimentale. 4.
Bb. Mees. 40
Embodies a flowing melody with light chord
accompaniments in both hands, and has rich and
sonorous music.
Diamonds. 3. Salon Pieces from Weber's Operas.
No. 1. Der Freischütz. 4. Oeston. ea. 50
Many people arrange Opera music, but very few
attain the grace and sweetness of this adaptation.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.

